At Fisher's hands

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by Silvaxus

Summary

04. **Gags** / Cunnilingus / Daddy / Fisting

Sometimes Hannibal talked to much for Will’s liking and sometimes Will had to do something about it.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was so proud of himself at this moment. It took a lot to surprise someone of Hannibal Lecter's intelligence and strength but Will had not only managed to surprise Hannibal but to take him down as well.

Hannibal had driven over to Wolf Trap because Will had ignored his calls, on purpose, because Will just needed space, silence and no one else but his dogs around him. His coworkers from the FBI understood his message loud and clear when he told Jack to his face, more like snarled, that disturbing him would be a rather bad idea. Everyone stayed away but apparently Hannibal hadn't gotten the memo or decided to ignore it.

How rude of him.

He invited himself inside and placed a big transport box on Will's kitchen table.

Just listening to a human voice, even a pleasant one like Hannibal's, made Will grind his teeth together and covered everything in a red haze. He wanted to be left alone.

However, when suddenly the emotions Will got from Hannibal turned from even and balanced to concerned, Will looked at Hannibal.

"Will?"

There was something in Hannibal's face Will couldn't name with his vision and mind covered in red haze and that he could suddenly feel everything from Hannibal with an ice-like clarity didn't help.

There was darkness in Hannibal, a calculating and manipulative mind as sharp as the knives Hannibal had in his kitchen. A perfectionist, an artist at presenting his creations. How could Will have missed it?

Everything was suddenly sharp and clear, the puzzle solving itself and the Ravenstag stood in Hannibal's shadow and looked at Will with calm black eyes.

Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper and Will neither cared for what it meant for every delicious dish Hannibal had placed in front of him nor for his own darkness rising its head. It stared at the Ravenstag with a grin before the darkness started to shift and morph until a similar stag stood next to Will with its crowned head held high.

Feeling Hannibal's gaze on himself, Will met eyes of darkest fire only to smile at Hannibal and let Hannibal know without words that he *knew* .

Hannibal was fast but Will was faster and in his own territory.

It was short fight because Will had completely surprised Hannibal and when Will saw his friend slash therapist unconscious on the floor of his kitchen, Will felt his own Ravenstag sniff at Hannibal's proune form before an idea struck Will, hard.

He dragged Hannibal over to his bed and used his fishing lines to make sure that Hannibal wouldn't leave.

Will knew that he should call Jack but...no, he wouldn't let Hannibal go now that he had him just for himself.

After Will made sure that Hannibal was tied up properly, he stored the food in the fridge. It smelled delicious as always despite his knew knowledge of the origin of the meat.

Everything was set up now. Dinner was in the fridge, his guest was resting on Will's bed, the dogs were sent outside and even their food stood outside on the porch. Will wanted to be alone with his guest.

Checking on his guest again, Will felt his Ravenstag eye Hannibal curiously and Will shivered at the strange and new thoughts running through his mind. He had lived so long with the Ripper in his mind and now Will and the Ripper in his mind had become one, finally.

He vanished into the shower and left his Ravenstag behind with Hannibal.

Will took his time to shower and get clean. He had plans after all.

When he felt his Ravenstag growl from the bedroom, Will knew that Hannibal had awoken and it painted a smile on Will's face.

He didn't bother to rub his hair dry after his shower and just put his jeans back on but skipped his shirt. It would only get in his way.

Strolling back into his bedroom, Will felt his Ravenstag herd Hannibal's own Ravenstag out of the room. Will saw the goosebumps on Hannibal's forearms where his sleeves ended up pushed to his ellbows so Will could wrap the fishing line around Hannibal's wrist and just to be careful, Will had bound Hannibal's legs down with fishing lines as well.

"Hello, Will."

Hannibal was as calm and collected as always but...he was talking, again.

"Has no one ever told you that you talk too much?"

Walking over to the bed, Will considered his next step but decided to be blunt and open for once. Decision made, Will joined Hannibal on the bed and sat down on the other man's thighs. Like this, Hannibal was forced to look up at Will and the balance point would make it difficult to throw Will off. Not that it would help Hannibal, not a bit.

"No, most people either pay me to have me talk to them or are too intimidated by me to ask me be quite. You are the first one to be so rude."

Chuckling, Will let his fingers wander over the buttons on Hannibal's waistcoat. Up close,

they looked to be made of bone.

“And everyone knows what the Chesapeake Ripper does to people who are rude to him...or I know and the others are too blind to see and understand. I neither know nor care anymore.”

Hannibal was completely still under Will but it was the stillness of a predator ready to jump.

“What makes you think I’m the Chesapeake Ripper?”

Rolling his eyes, Will tugged Hannibal’s tie free from his waistcoat.

“I *know* things, Hannibal. I *see* things. I wanted to be left alone but this is something no one seems to care about yet the Ripper always leaves gifts behind, for me, when I try to put some distance between us. The Ripper is never far from me these days. Then you strolled in like you have every right to occupy my mind and home. You are the Chesapeake Ripper, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal’s face was unreadable but his emotions were not. Chaos in his emotions but a clear and calm mind while he tried to find a way out of this situation.

“And what are your plans for me now, Will? I’m sure that if you had called Jack, he would already be here and I would be in handcuffs and not tied down with fishing lines on your bed.”

Opening the bone buttons with nimble fingers, Will bit down on his bottom lip and gave Hannibal another smile.

“I haven’t called Jack and I won’t call him any time soon. I want you all for myself now.”

Pulling the waistcoat open, Will wrapped the soft tie, coloured in dark blue and silver, around his fingers.
“And for what exactly, Will?”

Licking his lips to soothe the soft skin after abusing it with his teeth, Will scooted upwards until he was sitting right over Hannibal’s hips and Will could feel the hard outlines of Hannibal’s erection between his legs.

“Oh...you know, Hannibal.”

Hannibal was about to say something else but Will was faster and pushed the rolled up tie between Hannibal’s plush lips. Startled, Hannibal seemed to gag on his own tie for a moment before he got a hold on himself and his dark eyes promised revenge, blood and pain for what Will had done.

“As I told you, Hannibal...you talk too much.”

Will opened Hannibal’s belt before he scooted downwards on the bed, and curiosity and feral hunger started to mix with revenge, blood and pain in Hannibal’s dark eyes.

End Notes

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